

RURAL RIDE

From Chilworth, in Surrey, to
Winchester.

Thursley, four miles from
Godalming, Surrey,
Sunday Evening, 23d October, 1825.

WE set out from Chilworth to-day about noon. This is a little hamlet, lying under the South side of St. Martha's Hill; and, on the other side of that hill, a little to the North West, is the town of GUILDFORD, which (taken with its environs) I, who have seen so many, many towns, think the prettiest, and, taken all together, the most agreeable and most happy-looking, that I ever saw in my life. Here are hill and dell in endless variety. Here are the chalk and the sand, vieing

with each other in making beautiful scenes. Here is a navigable river and fine meadows. Here are woods and downs. Here is something of every thing but *fat marshes* and their skeleton-making *agues*.—The vale, all the way down to Chilworth from Reigate, is very delightful.—We did not go to Guildford, nor did we cross the *River Wey*, to come through GODALMING; but bore away to our left, and came through the village of Hambleton, going first to HASCOMB, to show Richard the South Downs from that high land, which looks Southward over the *Weilts* of Surrey and Sussex, with all their fine and innumerable oak trees. Those that travel on turnpike roads, know nothing of England.—From Hascomb to Thursley almost the whole way is across fields, or commons, or

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[ENTERED AT STATIONERS' HALL.]



along narrow lands. Here we see the people without any disguise or affectation. Against a *great road* things are made for *show*. Here we see them *without any show*. And here we gain real knowledge as to their situation.—We crossed to-day, three turnpike roads, that from Guildford to Horsham, that from Godalming to Worthing, I believe, and that from Godalming to Chichester.

Thursley, Wednesday, 26th Oct.

The weather has been beautiful ever since last Thursday morning; but, there has been a white frost every morning, and the days have been coldish. *Here*, however, I am quite at home in a room, where there is one of my *American Fire-Places*, bought, by my host, of MR. JUDSON OF KENSINGTON, who has made many a score of families comfortable, instead of sitting shivering in the cold. At the house of the gentleman, whose house I am now in, there is a good deal of *fuel-wood*; and here I see, in the parlours, those fine and cheerful fires that make a great

part of the happiness of the Americans. But, these fires are to be had only in this sort of fire-place. Ten times the fuel; nay, no quantity, would effect the same object, in any other fire-place. It is equally good for coal as for wood; but, for *pleasure*, a wood-fire is the thing. There is, round about almost every gentleman's, or great farmer's, house, more wood suffered to rot every year, in one shape or another, than would make (with this fire-place) a couple of rooms constantly warm, from October to June. *Here*, peat, turf, saw-dust, and wood, are burnt in these fire-places. My present host has *three* of the fire-places.—Being out a-coursing to-day, I saw a *queer-looking building* upon one of the thousands of hills that nature has tossed up in endless variety of form round the skirts of the lofty *Hindhead*. This building is, it seems, called a *Semaphore*, or *Semiphare*, or something of that sort. What this word may have been hatched out of I cannot say; but it means

a job, I am sure. To call it an *alarm-post* would not have been so convenient; for, people not endued with Scotch *intellect*, might have wondered *why* the devil we should have to pay for *alarm-posts*; and might have thought, that, with all our "*glorious victories*," we had "brought our hogs to a fine market," if our *dread of the enemy* were such as to induce us to have *alarm-posts* all over the country! Such unintellectual people might have thought that we had "*conquered France* by the immortal Wellington," to little purpose, if we were still in such fear as to build *alarm-posts*; and they might, in addition, have observed, that, for many hundred of years, England stood in need of neither signal posts nor standing army of mercenaries; but relied safely on the courage and public-spirit of the people themselves. By calling the thing by an outlandish name, these reflections amongst the unintellectual are obviated. *Alarm-post* would be a nasty name; and it would puzzle

people exceedingly, when they saw one of these at a place like ASHE, a little village on the north side of the chalk-ridge (called the hog's back) going from Guildford to Farnham! What can this be for? Why are these expensive things put up all over the country? Respecting the movements of *whom* is wanted this *alarm-system*? Will no member ask this in parliament? Not one: not a man: and yet it is a thing to ask about. Ah! it is in vain, *THING*, that you thus are *making your preparations*! in vain that you are setting your trammels! The DEBT, the blessed debt, that best ally of the people, will break them all; will snap them, as the hornet does the cobweb; and, even these very "*Semaphores*" contribute towards the force of that ever-blessed debt. Curious to see how things work! The "*glorious revolution*," which was made for the avowed purpose of maintaining the *Protestant ascendancy*, and which was followed by such terrible persecution of the Catholics; that "*glo-*

rious" affair, which set aside a race of kings, *because they were Catholics*, served as the precedent for the American revolution, also called "*glorious*," and this second revolution *compelled the successors of the makers of the first, to begin to cease their persecutions of the Catholics* ! Then, again, the debt was made to raise and keep armies on foot to prevent *reform of parliament*, because, as it was feared by the Aristocracy, reform would have humbled them; and this debt, created for this purpose, is fast sweeping the Aristocracy out of their estates, as a clown, with his foot, kicks field-mice out of their nests. There was a hope, that the debt could have been *reduced by stealth*, as it were; that the Aristocracy could have been *saved in this way*. That hope now *no longer exists*. In all likelihood the funds will keep going down. What is to prevent this, if the *interest of Exchequer Bills be raised*, as the broad sheet tells us it is to be ! What ! the funds fall in *time of peace* ; and the French

funds not fall, in time of peace ! However, it will all happen *just as it ought to happen*. Even the next session of parliament will bring out matters of some interest. The thing is now working in the surest possible way.

The great business of life, in the country, appertains, in some way or other, to the *game*, and especially at this time of the year. If it were not for the game, a country life would be like an *everlasting honey-moon*, which would, in about half a century, put an end to the human race. In *towns*, or large villages, people make a *shift* to find the means of rubbing the rust off from each other by a *vast variety* of sources of contest. A couple of wives meeting in the street, and giving each other a wry look, or a look not quite civil enough, will, if the parties be hard pushed for a ground of contention, do pretty well. But, in the country, there is, alas ! no such resource. Here are no walls for people to take of each other. Here they are so placed as to prevent

the possibility of such lucky local contact. Here is more than room of every sort, elbow, leg, horse, or carriage, for them all. Even at Church (most of the people being in the meeting houses) the pews are surprisingly too large. Here, therefore, where all circumstances seem calculated to cause never-ceasing concord with its accompanying dullness, there would be no relief at all, were it not for the *game*. This, happily, supplies the place of all other sources of alternate dispute and reconciliation; it keeps all in life and motion, from the lord down to the hedger. When I see two men, whether in a market-room, by the way side, in a parlour, in a church yard, or even in the church itself, engaged in manifestly deep and most momentous discourse, I will, if it be any time between September and February, bet *ten to one*, that it is, in some way or other, about *the game*. The wives and daughters hear so much of it, that they inevitably get engaged in the disputes; and thus

all are kept in a state of vivid animation. I should like very much to be able to take a spot, a circle of 12 miles in diameter, and take an exact account of all the *time* spent by each individual, above the age of *ten* (that is the age they begin at), in *talking*, during the game season of one year, about *the game* and about *sporting exploits*. I verily believe that it would amount, upon an average, to *six times* as much as *all the other talk put together*; and, as to the *anger*, the *satisfaction*, the *scolding*, the *commendation*, the *chagrin*, the *exultation*, the *envy*, the *emulation*, where are there any of these in the country, unconnected with *the game*?

There is, however, an important distinction to be made between *hunters* (including *couriers*) and *shooters*. The latter are, as far as relates to their exploits, a disagreeable class, compared with the former; and the reason of this is, their doings are almost wholly *their own*; while, in the case of the others, the achievements are the

property of *the dogs*. Nobody likes to hear another talk *much* in praise of his own acts, unless those acts have a manifest tendency to produce some good to the hearer; and shooters do talk *much* of their own exploits, and those exploits rather tend to *humiliate* the hearer. Then, a *great shooter* will, nine times out of ten, go so far as almost to *lie a little*; and, though people do not tell him of it, they do not like him the better for it; and he, but too frequently discovers that they do not believe him; whereas, hunters are mere followers of the dogs, as mere *spectators*; their praises, if any are called for, are bestowed on the greyhounds, the hounds, the fox, the hare, or the horses. There is a little rivalry in the riding, or in the behaviour of the horses; but this has so little to do with the *personal merit* of the sportsmen, that it never produces a want of good fellowship in the evening of the day. A shooter who has been *missing* all day, must have an uncommon share of good sense, not to feel

mortified while the slaughterers are relating the adventures of that day; and this is what cannot exist in the case of the hunters. Bring me into a room, with a dozen men in it, who have been sporting all day; or, rather let me be in an adjoining room, where I can hear the sound of their voices, without being able to distinguish the words, and I will bet ten to one that I tell whether they be hunters or shooters.

I was once acquainted with a *famous shooter*, whose name was WILLIAM EWING. He was a barrister of Philadelphia, but became far more renowned by his gun than by his law cases. We spent scores of days together a shooting, and were extremely well matched, I having excellent dogs and caring little about my reputation as a shot, his dogs being good for nothing, and he caring more about his reputation as a shot than as a lawyer. The fact which I am going to relate respecting this gentleman, ought to be a warning to young men, how they become

enamoured of this species of wanted to be off, as we had a vanity. We had gone about ten miles from our home, to shoot where partridges were said to be very plentiful. We found them so. In the course of a November day, he had, just before dark, shot, and sent to the farm-house, or kept in his bag, *ninety-nine* partridges. He made some few *double shots*, and he might have a *miss* or two, for he sometimes shot when out of my sight, on account of the woods. However, he said that he killed at every shot; and, as he had counted the birds, when we went to dinner at the farm-house and when he cleaned his gun, he, just before sun-set, knew that he had killed *ninety-nine* partridges, every one upon the wing, and a great part of them in woods very thickly set with largish rees. It was a grand achievement; but, unfortunately, he wanted to make it a *hundred*! The sun was setting, and, in that country, darkness comes almost at once; it is more like the going out of a candle than that of a fire; and I

very bad road to go, and as he, being under strict petticoat government, to which he most loyally and dutifully submitted, was compelled to get home that night, taking me with him, the vehicle (horse and gig) being mine. I, therefore, pressed him to come away, and moved on myself towards the house (that of OLD JOHN BROWN, in Bucks county, grandfather of that GENERAL BROWN, who gave some of our whiskered heroes such a rough handling last war, which was waged for the purpose of "DEPOSING JAMES MADISON"), at which house I would have stayed all night, but from which I was compelled to go by that watchful government, under which he had the good fortune to live. Therefore I was in haste to be off. No: he would kill the *hundredth* bird! In vain did I talk of the bad road and its many dangers for want of moon. The poor partridges, which we had scattered about, were *calling* all around us; and, just at this mo-

ment, up got one under his feet, in a field in which the wheat was three or four inches high. He shot, and *missed*. "That's it," said he, running as if to *pick up* the bird. "What!" said I, "you don't think you *killed*, do you?" "Why, there is the bird now, not only alive, but *calling*, in that wood"; which was at about a hundred yards distance. He, in that *form of words* usually employed in such cases, asserted that he shot the bird and saw it fall; and I, in much about the same form of words, asserted, that he had *missed*, and that I, with my own eyes, saw the bird fly into the wood. This was too much! To *miss* once out of a hundred times! To lose such a chance of immortality! He was a good-humoured man; I liked him very much; and I could not help feeling for him, when he said, "Well, Sir, I killed the bird; and if you choose to go away and take your dog away, so as to prevent me from *finding* it, you must do it: the dog is *yours*,"

"to be sure." "The *dog*," said I, in a very mild tone, "why, Ewing, there is the spot; and could we not see it, upon this smooth green surface, if it were there?" However, he began to *look about*; and I called the dog, and affected to *join him in the search*. Pity for his weakness got the better of my dread of the bad road. After walking backward and forward many times upon about twenty yards square, with our eyes to the ground, looking for what both of us knew was not there, I had *passed him* (he going one way and I the other), and I happened to be turning round just after I had passed him, when I saw him, putting his hand behind him, *take a partridge out of his bag and let it fall upon the ground*! I felt no temptation to detect him, but turned away my head, and kept looking about. Presently he, having returned to the spot where the bird was, called out to me, in a most triumphant tone: "*Here! here! Come here!*" I went up to him, and he, point-

ing with his finger down to the bird, and looking hard in my face at the same time, said, "There, Cobbett; I hope that will be a *warning* to you never to be obstinate again!" "Well," said I, "come along": and away we went as merry as larks. When we got to Brown's, he told them the story, triumphed over me most clamorously; and, though he often repeated the story to my face, I never had the heart to let him know, that I knew of the imposition, which puerile vanity had induced so sensible and honourable a man to be mean enough to practise. A *professed shot* is, almost always, a very disagreeable brother-sportsman. He must, in the first place, have a head rather of the emptiest to *pride himself* upon so poor a talent. Then he is always out of temper, if the game fail, or if he miss it. He never participates in that great delight which all sensible men enjoy at beholding the beautiful action, the docility, the zeal, the wonderful sagacity, of

the pointer and the setter. He is always thinking about *himself*; always anxious to surpass his companions. I remember that, once, Ewing and I had lost our dog. We were in a wood, and the dog had gone out, and found a covey in a wheat stubble joining the wood. We had been whistling and calling him for, perhaps, half an hour, or more. When we came out of the wood we saw him pointing, with one foot up; and, soon after, he, keeping his foot and body unmoved, gently turned round his head towards the spot where he heard us, as if to bid us come on, and, when he saw that we saw him, turned his head back again. I was so delighted, that I stopped to look with admiration. Ewing, astonished at my want of alacrity, pushed on, shot one of the partridges, and thought no more about the conduct of the dog than if the sagacious creature had had nothing at all to do with the matter. When I left America, in 1800, I gave this dog to Lord HENRY STUART, who was, when

he came home, a year or two afterwards, about to bring him to astonish the sportsmen even in England; but, those of Pennsylvania were resolved not to part with him, and, therefore they stole him the night before his Lordship came away. Lord Henry had plenty of pointers after his return, and he saw hundreds; but always declared, that he never saw any thing approaching in excellence this American dog. For the information of sportsmen I ought to say, that this was a small-headed and sharp-nosed pointer, hair as fine as that of a greyhound, little and short ears, very light in the body, very long-legged, and swift as a good lurcher. I had him a puppy, and he never had any breaking, but he pointed staunchly at once; and I am of opinion, that this sort is, in all respects, better than the heavy breed. Mr. THORNTON, (I beg his pardon, I believe he is now a *Knight* of some sort) who was, and perhaps still is, our *Envoy in Portugal*, and who, at the time here referred to, was a sort of

partner with Lord Henry in this famous dog; and gratitude (to the memory of *the dog* I mean,) will, I am sure, or, at least, I hope so, make him bear witness to the truth of my character of him; and, if one could hear an Ambassador *speak out*, I think that Mr. THORNTON would acknowledge, that his calling has brought him in pretty close contact with many a man who was possessed of most tremendous political power, without possessing half the sagacity, half the understanding, of this dog, and without being a thousandth part so faithful to his trust. I am quite satisfied, that there are as many *sorts* of men as there are of dogs. SWIFT was a man, and so is WALTER the base. But, is the sort the same? It cannot be education alone that makes the amazing difference that we see. Besides, we see men of the very same rank and riches and education, differing as widely as the pointer does from the pug. The name, *man*, is common to all the sorts, and hence arises very great

mischief. What confusion must there be in rural affairs, if there were no names whereby to distinguish hounds, greyhounds, pointers, spaniels, terriers, and sheep-dogs, from each other! And, what pretty work, if, without regard to the *sorts* of dogs, men were to attempt to *employ them*! Yet, this is done in the case of *men*! A man is always a *man*; and, without the least regard as to the *sort*, they are promiscuously placed in all kinds of situations. Now, if Mr. Brougham, Doctors Birkbeck, Macculloch and Black, and that profound personage, Lord John Russell, will, in their forth-coming "London University," teach us how to divide men *into sorts*, instead of teaching us to *augment the CAPITAL of the nation by making paper-money*, they will render us a real service. That will be *feelosofy* worth attending to. What would be said of the Squire who should take a fox-hound out to find partridges for him to shoot at? Yet, would this be *more ab-*

surd than to set a man to law-making who was manifestly formed for the express purpose of sweeping the streets or digging out sewers?

Farnham, Surrey,

Thursday, Oct. 27th.

We came over the heath from Thursley, this morning, on our way to Winchester. Mr. Wyndham's FOX-HOUNDS are coming to Thursley on Saturday. More than three-fourths of all the interesting talk in that neighbourhood, for some days past, has been about this anxiously looked-for event. I have seen no man, or boy, who did not talk about it. There had been a false report about it; the hounds did *not come*; and the anger of the disappointed people was very great. At last, however, the *authentic* intelligence came, and I left them all as happy as if all were young and all just going to be married. An abatement of my pleasure, however, on this joyous occasion was, that I brought away with me *one*, who was as eager as the best of them.

RICHARD, though now only 11 years and 6 months old, had, it seems, one fox-hunt, in Herefordshire, last winter; and he actually has begun to talk rather *contemptuously* of hare-hunting. To show me that he is in no *danger*, he has been leaping his horse over banks and ditches by the road side, all our way across the country from Reigate; and he joined with such glee in talking of the expected arrival of the fox-hounds, that I felt some little pain at bringing him away. My engagement at Winchester is for Saturday; but, if it had not been so, the *deep and hidden ruts in the heath*, in a wood in the midst of which the hounds are sure to find, and the immense concourse of horsemen that is sure to be assembled, would have made me bring him away. Upon the high, hard and open countries, I should not be afraid for him; but, here the danger would have been greater than it would have been right for me to suffer him to run.

We came hither by the way of WAVERLEY ABBEY and MOORE PARK. On the commons I showed Richard some of my old hunting scenes, when I was of his age, or younger, reminding him that I was obliged to hunt on foot. We got leave to go and see the grounds at Waverley, where all the old monks' *garden walls* are totally gone, and where the spot is become a sort of lawn. I showed him the spot where the strawberry garden was, and where I, when sent to gather *hautboys*, used to eat every *remarkably fine one*, instead of letting it go to be eaten by SIR ROBERT RICH. I showed him a tree, close by the ruins of the Abbey, from a limb of which I once fell into the river, in an attempt to take the nest of a *crow*, which had artfully placed it upon a branch so far from the trunk as not to be able to bear the weight of a boy eight years old. I showed him an old elm tree, which was hollow even then, into which I, when a very little boy, once saw a *cat go*, that was as big as a

middle-sized spaniel dog, for relating which I got a great scolding, for standing to which I, at last, got a beating; but, stand to which I still did; I have since many times repeated it, and I would take my oath of it to this day. When in New Brunswick I saw the great wild grey cat, which is there called a *Lucifée*; and it seemed to me to be just such a cat as I had seen at Waverley. I found the ruins not very greatly diminished; but, it is strange how *small* the *mansion* and *ground*, and every thing but the trees, appeared to me. They were all *great to my mind when I saw them last*; and that early impression had remained, whenever I had talked, or thought, of the spot; so that when I came to see them again, after seeing the sea and so many other immense things, it seemed as if they had all been *made small*. This was not the case with regard to the *trees*, which are nearly as big here as they are any where else; and, the old cat-elm, for instance,

which Richard measured with his whip, is about 16 or 17 feet round.

From Waverley we went to MOORE PARK, once the seat of Sir WILLIAM TEMPLE; and, when I was a very little boy, the seat of a Lady, or a Mrs. Temple. Here I showed Richard MOTHER LUDLUM'S HOLE; but, alas! it is not the enchanting place that I knew it, nor that which GROSE describes in his *Antiquities*! The semi-circular paling is gone; the basins, to catch the never-ceasing little stream, are gone; the iron cups, fastened by chains, for people to drink out of, are gone; the pavement all broken to pieces; the seats, for people to sit on, on both sides of the cave, torn up and gone; the stream, that ran down a clean, paved channel, now making a dirty gutter; and the ground opposite, which was a grove, chiefly of laurels, intersected by closely mowed grass-walks, now become a poor, ragged-looking Alder-Coppice. Near the mansion, I showed Richard

the hill, up which DEAN SWIFT tells us he used to run for exercise, while he was pursuing his studies here; and I would have showed him the garden-seat, under which Sir William Temple's heart was buried, agreeably to his will; but, the seat was gone, also the wall at the back of it; and the exquisitely beautiful little lawn in which the seat stood, was turned into a parcel of divers-shaped cockney-clumps, planted according to the strictest rules of artificial and refined vulgarity.

At Waverley, Mr. THOMPSON, a merchant of some sort, has succeeded (after the monks) the ORBY HUNTERS and Sir ROBERT RICH. At MOORE PARK, a Mr. LAING, a West India planter or merchant, has succeeded the TEMPLES; and at the castle of Farnham, which you see from MOORE PARK, Bishop PRETTYMAN TONLINE has, at last, after *perfectly regular and due gradations*, succeeded WILLIAM OF WYCKHAM! In coming up from Moore Park to Farnham town, I stopped opposite the door

of a little old house, where there appeared to be a great parcel of children. "There, Dick," said I, "when I was just such a little creature as that, whom you see in the door-way, I lived in this very house with my grand-mother Cobbett." He pulled up his horse, and looked *very hard at it*, but said nothing, and on we came.

Winchester, Sunday noon, Oct. 30.

We came away from Farnham about noon on Friday, promising Bishop Prettyman to notice him and his way of living more fully on our return. At Alton we got some bread and cheese at a friend's, and then came to Alresford by *Medstead*, in order to have fine turf to ride on, and to see, on this lofty land that which is, perhaps, the finest *beech-wood* in all England. These high down-countries are not garden-plats, like Kent; but they have, from my first seeing them, when I was about *ten*, always been my delight. Large sweeping downs,

and deep dells here and there, with villages amongst lofty trees, are my great delight. When we got to Alresford it was nearly dark, and not being able to find a room to our liking, we resolved to go, though in the dark, to EASTON, a village about six miles from Alresford, down by the side of the Hichen River.

Coming from EASTON yesterday, I learned that SIR CHARLES OGLE, the eldest son and successor of Sir CHALONER OGLE, had sold to some *General*, his mansion and estate at MARTYR'S WORTHY, a village on the North side of the Hichen, just opposite EASTON. The Ogles had been here for a couple of centuries perhaps. They are gone off now, "for good and all," as the country people call it. Well, what I have to say to Sir Charles Ogle upon this occasion is this: "It was YOU, who moved at the county meeting, in 1817, that address to the *Regent*, which you brought ready engrossed upon parchment, which FLEMING, the She-

riff, declared to have been carried, though a word of it never was heard by the meeting; which address applauded the power of imprisonment bill, just then passed; and the like of which address, YOU WILL NOT, IN ALL HUMAN PROBABILITY, EVER AGAIN MOVE IN HAMPSHIRE, and, I hope, NO WHERE ELSE. So, you see, Sir Charles, there is one consolation, at any rate."

I learned, too, that GRÆME, a famously loyal squire and justice, whose son was, a few years ago, made a *Distributor of Stamps* in this county, was become so modest as to exchange his big and ancient mansion at CHERRITON, or somewhere there, for a very moderate-sized house in the town of ALRESFORD! I saw his household goods advertised, in the Hampshire newspaper, a little while ago, to be sold by public auction. I rubbed my eyes, or, rather my spectacles, and looked again and again; for I remem-

bered the loyal 'Squire; and I, with singular satisfaction, record this change in his scale of existence, which has, no doubt, proceeded solely from that prevalence of mind over matter, which the Scotch *feelosofers* have taken such pains to inculcate, and which makes him flee from greatness as from that which diminishes the quantity of "intellectual enjoyment"; and so now he,

"Wondering, man can want the larger pile,
"Exults, and owns his cottage with a smile."

And they really tell me, that his present house is not much bigger than that of my dear, good old grandmother Cobbett. But (and it may be not wholly useless for the 'Squire to know it) she never burnt candles; but rushes dipped in grease, as I have described them in my *Cottage Economy*; and this was one of the means that she made use of in order to secure a bit of good bacon and good bread to eat, and that made her never give me *potatoes*, cold or hot. No bad hint for the Squire, father of the Distributor

of Stamps. Good bacon is a very nice thing, I can assure him; and, if the quantity be small, it is all the sweeter; provided, however, it be not *too small*. This 'Squire used to be a great friend of *Old George Rose*. But, his patron's taste was different from his. George preferred a big house to a little one; and George began with a little one, and ended with a big one.

Just by ALRESFORD, there was another old friend and supporter of *Old George Rose*, 'Squire RAWLINSON, whom I remember a very great 'squire in this county. He is now a *Police*-'squire in London, and is one of those guardians of the Wen, respecting whose proceedings we read eternal columns in the broad-sheet.

This being Sunday, I heard, about 7 o'clock in the morning, a sort of a jangling, made by a bell or two in the *Cathedral*. We were getting ready to be off, to cross the country to BURGHELERE, which lies under the lofty hills at Highclere, about 22 miles from

this city ; but hearing the bells of the cathedral. The ‘ service ’ the cathedral, I took Richard to was now begun. There is a show him that ancient and most *dean*, and God knows how many magnificent pile, and particularly *prebends* belonging to this *immensely rich* bishopric and chapter ; and there were, at this “ service,” *two or three men and five or six boys* in white surplices, with a congregation of *fifteen women and four men* ! Gracius God ! If WILLIAM of WYCKHAM could, at that moment, have raised from his tomb ! If Saint SWITHIN, whose name the cathedral bears, or ALFRED THE GREAT, to whom St. SWITHIN was tutor : if either of these could have come, and had been told, that *that was now* what was carried on by men, who talked of the “ *damnable errors* ” of those who founded that very church ! But, it beggars one’s *feelings* to attempt to find *words* whereby to express them upon such a subject and such an occasion. How, then, am I to describe what I felt, when I yesterday saw, in HYDE MEADOW, a COUNTY BRIDEWELL, standing on the very spot, where stood the Abbey,

which was founded and endowed by ALFRED, which contained the bones of that maker of the English name, and also those of the learned monk, St. GRIMBALD, whom ALFRED brought to England to begin the teaching at Oxford!

After we came out of the cathedral, Richard said, "Why, Papa, "nobody can build such places "now, can they?" "No, my "dear," said I. "That building "was made when there were no "poor wretches in England, called "paupers; when there were no "poor-rates; when every labour- "ing man was clothed in good "woollen cloth; and when all "had a plenty of meat and bread "and beer." This talk lasted us to the inn, where, just as we were going to set off, it most curiously happened, that a parcel, which had come from Kensington by the night-coach, was put into my hands by the landlord, containing, amongst other things, a pamphlet, sent to me FROM ROME, being an Italian translation of No. I.

of the "*Protestant Reformation*." I will here insert the title for the satisfaction of Doctor BLACK, who, some time ago, expressed his utter astonishment, that "SUCH a work should be "published in the nineteenth "century." Why, Doctor? Did you want me to stop till the twentieth century? That would have been a little too long, Doctor.

Storia

Della

Riforma Protestante

In Inghilterra ed in Irlanda

La quale Dimostra

Come un tal' avvenimento ha impoverito
E degradato il grosso del popolo
in que' paesi in una serie di let-
tere indirizzate

A tutti i sensati e guisti inglesi

Da

Guglielmo Cobbett

E

Dall' inglese recate in italiano

Da

Dominico Gregorj

Roma 1825.

Presso Francesco Bourlie

Con Approvazione.

There, Doctor Black. Write
you a book that shall be translated
into any foreign language; and,
when you have done that, you
may again call mine "pig's
meat."

WM. COBBETT.

ONE PRIEST

AGAINST

SIX PARSONS.

In the Register before the last
I inserted several documents and
some remarks, relative to the
contest, from which the Six Par-
sons fled, in the manner there
seen.—Mr. M'SWEENEY has now
*addressed a Letter to the People
of England on the subject*; and
I see it in none of our base news-
papers.—I need make no remark
upon it. It will fully speak for
itself.

TO THE PEOPLE OF ENGLAND.

MY FRIENDS.—An Irish Ca-
tholic Priest offers himself to your
attention. Perhaps you startle at
the very mention of the name.
Taught, as you are, to associate
with it whatever can degrade the
heart or debase the mind, you
must experience all the effects of
those revolting impressions, with
which you are so strongly and so
deeply imbued. An Irish Catho-
lic Priest! What could he have
to submit to your consideration,
that must not correspond with the
character and tendency of his
profession? He, whose sole study
is to fabricate fetters for reason—
that which is at once the princi-
ple of man's dignity, and the
source of all his enjoyments—he
has not only forfeited all title to
respect, but has erected himself
into a fit object for scorn to point
its finger at. Such is the lan-
guage which your prejudices dic-
tate to you, on my presenting my-

self to your notice. Is it merited? —Is the picture, which has been drawn for you, of the Irish Priesthood, a correct representation? Of what overwhelming importance the solution of these questions! With it are interwoven the best interests of society and of religion. If we answer the description you are accustomed to receive of us, we should be put under the ban of the law. A mark should be placed upon our foreheads—not such a one as God imprinted on Cain's, but one that would licence whoever may be so disposed to imbrue his hands in our very life's blood. If, on the other hand, it could be made satisfactorily appear that we are grossly calumniated—the followers of the same God, who now, to the opprobrium of Christianity, are separated by the strong wall of discord, and even of hatred, would unite by a reciprocity of good offices, and would live for ever more in a brotherhood of esteem and affection. It is with the view of enabling you to form an opi-

nion upon the subject of our real character that I now address you. When you shall have been in possession of the short history which I am about to unfold, I am satisfied you will be at no loss what inference to draw; and I am equally confident you will make no secret of the judgment you will have formed. The first I anticipate from your sterling good sense—the latter, from your proverbial generosity and candour.

With the existence of the Bible Society, you must all be acquainted. Though twenty years have scarcely elapsed since its first establishment, it has found, among you, panegyrists in every rank and in every place. From the Minister who holds the helm of the state, down to the itinerant fanatic who figures in your streets, there is scarcely one, with any oratorical pretensions, that does not occasionally employ himself on the theme of its praises; while the sweat of even the poorest is made contributory to the general fund for its support. In Ireland, how-

ever, (where, you must know, there are comparatively but few who think on religious subjects as you do,) the Bible Society was, at every time, not only not viewed with a favourable eye, but has always met with the most stern and unbending opposition. On some occasions, the Priests were not content with warning their flocks of the contagion of its doctrines; they entered the very meetings of the Biblicals, and to their faces charged them with endeavouring to disseminate among his Majesty's loyal and religious subjects, principles, no less subversive of social order than they were destructive of the fundamental doctrines of Christianity. Among the instances in which the Priests carried the war into their enemies' camp, there were two that are peculiarly memorable. The Waterford and Carlow Bible Battles will, for generations yet to come, harrow up the very soul of the Biblical enthusiast; while the poor Catholic, looking back through the vista of time, will dis-

cover in them a triumphal arch, raised to commemorate the proud ascendancy of his religion, and the multifarious talent of its Ministers. So complete—so decisive was the victory, that, thenceforward, the prudence of the serpent seems to have been enlisted by the crestless advocates of the Bible Society, in seconding their efforts to sustain themselves in public opinion. The Press began to groan under the weight of their polemical epistles. The very questions which lately had been discussed, until there remained no longer even a shadow of a subject for debate, were recalled from that silence to which, it is natural to suppose, they had been eternally consigned, and were again brought under review, as involving intricacies, which their own ingenuity alone was able to unravel. Acquiring confidence as they advanced in their boastful career, they, at length, reached the very extremity of arrogance. What did they do? They published a challenge to the Priests of Carlow,

bearding them to the discussion of those very articles, in their advocacy of which they themselves had been so signally and so notoriously worsted. This was modesty, indeed! and it became a question how it should be treated—whether the bravado should be received with silent contempt, or whether its authors ought to be confounded, by adding to the shame of their former defeat the disgrace of a *second* overthrow. For deliberation, however, there was little time. A distinguished Prelate of the Catholic Church, and Bishop of the Diocese in which Carlow is situate, issued a letter prohibiting his Clergymen from re-entering the lists with the enemies of their faith. When this mandate was published, I was at your side of the channel, and was astonished to find, that what in Ireland could be regarded only as a salutary preventive to an irritating contest for a no longer dubious victory, should be turned among you into a pretext for stamping the Priests with

cowardice, and for observing that they were held back, from an apprehension of exposure. How were not my feelings excited, when seeking for news to decoy the tedious hours of a severe and protracted illness, which confined me in one of your towns, I used to be entertained with some story concerning the rapid strides of the Bible Society in Ireland, or have my ears dinned with “the glorious fact” that not a Priest was found who could give even a shadow of opposition to their progress? No one found to vindicate the insulted majesty of the religion of reason and of Christ!—no one found to disabuse you of the antipathies which you had innocently, though unjustly, conceived against it! Enough; the blood, which a long sickness had rendered almost stagnant in my veins, rushed rapidly to my heart; I felt the animation of its quickened pulse, quitted my chamber, arrived in Dublin, and proclaimed my acceptance of their challenge.

I am portraying the character

of every Irish Priest, and not my own. Let me not, therefore, be considered an egotist when I add, that it was not with sickness alone I had to contend, that I might have an opportunity of asserting the cause of truth, and of disabusing you of your errors. Being a subject of Doctor Doyle's, his prohibitory letter was to be surmounted. Providence so disposed that I might resist it, at the loss, it is true, of all my worldly happiness, but without any the least sacrifice of duty or honour. Having been serving in his diocese, merely by the permission of the Right Rev. Dr. Murphy, Bishop of Cork, I resigned my Professorship in the College of Carlow, and replaced myself under the jurisdiction of my *natal* Superior.

Having thus purchased for myself the liberty of entering the arena of controversy, my next step was to strip the subject at issue between the Biblicals and the Catholics, of every unnecessary and embarrassing appendage. In this form, it was resolvable

into this—Whether every one, by divine appointment, be constituted the judge of the Scripture, and should form that Faith necessary for salvation only by the exercise of their own judgment upon the Sacred Volume? Should this question be answered in the affirmative, down would fall the entire fabric of the Catholic Church, its power of restricting the use of the Scriptures, its infallibility, &c. &c. If, on the other hand, it should be resolved in the negative, all those privileges which she claims, and has for centuries exercised, must belong to her by a necessary consequence. To the examination of this great question, upon which hinges the faith of the different denominations of Christianity, I invited all the leading and influential members of the Bible Society, and upon terms which you must suppose it impossible they could reject.

The first was, that I alone would contend in favour of the Catholic Creed, with the six who

originated the challenge, and any additional forces they may be pleased to enlist.

The second gave the appointment of the time and place of meeting.

The third required that the discussion should be witnessed by 100 persons, half Protestant, half Catholic; the Protestants to be of my choosing, and the Catholics of theirs. In addition, it was stipulated that the persons present, who were to be of the first respectability and information, should, at the close of the contest, pronounce a verdict upon the point as argued between us, and that we should abide by the decision they may give. This last clause I inserted to give *effect* to the controversy. To what purpose would we have wasted *hours* in the support of our respective opinions, if at the end the conquered, no less than the conquerors, could raise the shout of victory, and mislead by their false representations?

These were the terms upon

which I proposed to meet the phalanx of my opponents, consisting of a Fellow of our University, two Rectors of the Established Church, a Presbyterian Minister, a Deacon, and an Independent. That they might not be taken by surprise, I allowed them fifteen days for coming to their determination; and as these fifteen days have already expired, I am anxious you should be made acquainted, as quickly as possible, with the result.

You would, of course, expect to hear that my terms were instantly acquiesced in—that not a day was permitted to pass until they had crowned themselves with new laurels from the conquest of their unequal adversary. It is thus that people think in England; but what will you say when I tell you that not a lance was broken on the occasion, nor any disposition to wield one manifested? It is true they came forward, swaggered a little, but their appearance was only the flourish of conscious inferiority, eager to offer incense to their self-

I love, with even a *show* of bravery. they should *surrender up their*
 One of them would seem to make *faith*. Mark this, and you can
 it an indispensable preliminary to judge of the flimsiness of their
 the combat, that my identity should evasions, and of the hardihood
 be authenticated—that it should be with which these people would
 proved that I was really the Mr. throw dust into the eyes of
 M'Sweeney of whom he had heard the public. So far was I from
 before, and who had been filling making *any such* condition, that I
 a certain situation in the Catholic told them in the very letter from
 Church. Another would appear which they pretended to have
 to have felt more for the *dis-* drawn it, that I had not the *least*
obedience which I manifested in expectation of being able to con-
 accepting the challenge, than for vert them—that there were too
 his own honour, that had been many reasons of a terrestrial kind,
 pledged to maintain it. This Gen- wedding them to their doctrines,
 tleman I cannot suffer to pass to render it possible that they
 without observing, that, while he should renounce them: and that I
 would render me an obedient child was induced to take up their
 of my own Church, he exhibited gauntlet, solely with a view of
 very little regard for the *faith* of placing under your eyes the ob-
 his own. He questioned the right jections of the Catholic Church to
 of every one to judge of the the unrestricted interpretation of
 Scripture: nor was this all; *proh* the Scriptures. This could not
pudor! he declared that Protest- escape those who took any inte-
 ants would be easily found to join rest in the matter; yet, that there
 in censuring an article of that creed should be no room possible for
 which they publicly professed. delusion, I authorised the princi-
 But the great objection affected by pal journal of this country to
 them all was, that I required, in draw the attention of its readers,
 case of vanquishing them, that the moment the hollow pretext

was put forward, to their shameful distortion of my meaning. If they themselves had misunderstood me, their error was then removed, and there was no reason for postponing for a single instant the trial of our respective strength. Day has followed day, and down to this hour, they have been as silent as if they reposed in the tomb of Martin Luther or Thomas Cranmer.

Such, is, my friends, a short account of the very important matter in which I am embarked for your information. I have not done you all the service which I contemplated; but if I have failed, it was not from want of will—it arose from want of opportunity. Had my opponents not shrunk from the contest to which they themselves had provoked me, I should be enabled to furnish you, without almost a moment's encroachment upon your time, with a stronger insight into the truth of the Catholic Creed, than you would be able to acquire by the labour of years. You would not

have, as now, to weigh, yourselves, the different and multitudinous arguments which are brought forward, for and against the right of the Church, to direct the faithful in the formation of their religious belief. *The fact* of a hundred men of respectability, and of the most extensive acquirements, having declared that Reason was in favour of such a prerogative, would stare you in the face, and would force a people so thoughtful as you to recognise it.

Though I have been disappointed in not promoting your interests to the full extent of my wishes, I can still congratulate myself and you, that something, and that not a little, has unquestionably been accomplished. A question arises out of the matter, which may be of benefit to you, and by which I am certain the Priests of Ireland will profit. It is this, and should be engraven in living characters on the heart of every man in the kingdom. Why did not the Biblicals meet for the discussion which they themselves

proposed? You would be much, and themselves, the discussion of much duller of apprehension than which alone, it is now manifest, I believe you to be, if this little could lead to any speedy or practical conclusion. It cannot be too question did not stagger your faith often repeated. It is, "Whether in the laudableness of Biblicism; and as to the Priests, I know them "every one, by Divine appointment, to be too much alive to the performance of necessary duties, to "the Scriptures; and should form squander their time, in lengthened "that faith necessary for salvation, writings, which few would read, "only by the exercise of his own when they can prostrate their adversaries by a stroke of their pens. "judgment upon the Sacred Volume?"

To these I would recommend, that Sincerely wishing that God may should they at any future period enlighten your minds on the subject consider themselves called upon of this letter, to vindicate, under a more enlarged view, the integrity of their faith, strictly to confine the subject matter to that point of difference between their adversaries

and themselves, the discussion of which alone, it is now manifest, could lead to any speedy or practical conclusion. It cannot be too often repeated. It is, "Whether every one, by Divine appointment, be constituted the judge of the Scriptures; and should form that faith necessary for salvation, only by the exercise of his own judgment upon the Sacred Volume?"

Sincerely wishing that God may enlighten your minds on the subject of this letter,

I remain,

Your faithful humble servant,

P. M'SWEENEY,

Late Professor of Theology in
Carlow College.

Dublin, October 18, 1825.

MARKETS.

**Average Prices of CORN through-
out ENGLAND, for the week end-
ing October 22.**

Per Quarter.

	s.	d.		s.	d.
Wheat ..	64	4	Oats	25	6
Rye	42	6	Beans ...	46	5
Barley ..	40	11	Pease ...	53	4

**Total Quantity of Corn returned as
Sold in the Maritime Districts, for
the Week ended October 22.**

	Qrs		Qrs.
Wheat ..	37,306	Oats ...	19,162
Rye	261	Beans ...	3,646
Barley ..	36,380	Pease ...	2,814

Corn Exchange, Mark Lane.

**Quantities and Prices of British
Corn, &c. sold and delivered in
this Market, during the week ended
Saturday, October 22.**

	Qrs.	£.	s.	d.		s.	d.
Wheat..	6,085	for 20,768	6	4	Average,	68	3
Barley..	5,590	.. 12,320	4	3	44	0
Oats..	7,478	.. 10,831	13	11	28	11
Rye	— —	—	—	—	—
Beans..	1,847	... 4,483	0	6	48	6
Pease..	2,026 5,809	4	5	57	4

Friday, Oct. 28.—There is a good supply of most kinds of Grain, and a considerable quantity of Flour. Wheat is very dull at Monday's prices. Barley also sells heavily, but not cheaper, notwithstanding the increasing probability of the ports opening for this article. Beans and Pease are unaltered. There

was a fair trade for Oats to-day, at much the same rates as last quoted.

Monday, Oct. 31.—There were a great many vessels arrived last week with all sorts of Grain, and the largest arrival of Flour since harvest. This morning the quantity of samples was but limited of Wheat, Barley, and Beans, from Essex, Kent, and Suffolk; a good supply of Pease; not many English Oats, but several vessels with that grain from Ireland. Superfine Wheat continues scarce, and our Millers took off what few samples appeared at terms fully equal to those of last Monday, but all other qualities were very dull in disposal, and hardly maintained last quotations.

The probability of the ports opening for Barley is so great as to reduce it nearly to a certainty, and the quantity of Barley at market this morning was so small, that last week's rates were fully supported for this article. Beans are unaltered. Boiling Pease are very dull, and 4s. per quarter cheaper. Grey Pease are heavy sale, but unaltered in price. Oats of good quality find buyers at last quotations; other sorts are dull, but not lower. In Flour no variation.

Price on board Ship as under.

Flour, per sack	55s. — 60s.
— Seconds	52s. — 54s.
— North Country ..	45s. — 50s.

Account of Wheat, &c. arrived in the Port of London, from Oct. 24 to Oct. 29, both inclusive.

	Qrs.		Qrs.
Wheat..	9,399	Tares	15
Barley ..	5,365	Linseed ..	1,780
Malt....	5,787	Rapeseed .	150
Oats	30,213	Brank ..	10
Beans ...	2,350	Mustard ..	20
Flour	14,347	Flax	—
Rye	10	Hemp ...	—
Pease....	1,937	Seeds ...	25
Foreign.—Wheat, 1,030; Barley, 3,330; Oats, 5,130; and Beans, 25 quarters.			

Price of Hops per Cwt. in the Borough.

Monday, Oct. 31.—Our Hop market has been dull during the last week, with little or no variation in prices. The Duty remains the same as our last. Present prices—1825, from 18*l.* to 23*l.*; 1824, 15*l.* to 16*l.* 16*s.*; inquiries are made for 1819 and 1822, for which a demand is expected the ensuing month.

Maidstone, Oct. 29.—Our Hop market continues exceeding dull, and we have scarcely any thing doing, as the planters seem but little disposed to offer upon lower terms, consequently the trade is almost at a stand. The Duty called 26,000*l.*, is considered here much overlaid.

City, 2d Nov. 1825.

BACON.

The holders of *old* are in the dumps! There is now enough of *new* to meet the demand: even the consumption of the latter is superseded by that of the new *pork*, which is now coming in in great abundance. Old, nominal. New, 60*s.* on board.

BUTTER.

The market for Butter is exceedingly dull; and the holders very pressing to make sales, if they can find purchasers of large quantities.

—Landed: Carlow, 106*s.* to 108*s.*; Waterford, 104*s.* to 105*s.*; Dutch, 100*s.* to 118*s.* There is a great deal of *foreign* of every description, which is almost unsealable.

CHEESE.

The demand for Cheese is a little improved: prices remain about the same.

Monday, Oct. 31.—The arrivals from Ireland last week were 16,760 firkins of Butter, and 1,161 bales of Bacon; and from Foreign Ports 4,056 casks of Butter. The Butter market is not so brisk, and the prices of Dutch have declined about 4*s.* per cwt. Bacon continues steady.

SMITHFIELD, Monday, Oct. 31.

Per Stone of 8 pounds (alive).

	s.	d.	s.	d.
Beef	3	8	to	4 8
Mutton ...	4	4	—	5 2
Veal ...	5	6	—	6 6
Pork	5	6	—	6 2
Lamb	0	0	—	0 0
Beasts ...	3,941	Sheep ..	19,850	
Calves ...	160	Pigs ...	140	

NEWGATE, (same day.)

Per Stone of 8 pounds (dead).

	s.	d.	s.	d.
Beef	3	4	to	4 0
Mutton ...	3	8	—	4 6
Veal	4	0	—	6 0
Pork	4	4	—	6 4
Lamb	0	0	—	0 0

LEADENHALL, (same day.)

Per Stone of 8 pounds (dead):

	s.	d.	s.	d.
Beef	2	8	to	4 0
Mutton ...	3	8	—	4 10
Veal	4	0	—	5 4
Pork	4	8	—	5 8
Lamb	0	0	—	0 0

COAL MARKET, Oct. 28.

	Ships at Market.	Ships sold.	Price.
88½ Newcastle..	65½	35 <i>s.</i> 0 <i>d.</i> to 45 <i>s.</i> 0 <i>d.</i>	
30 Sunderland..	26½	35 <i>s.</i> 0 <i>d.</i> —46 <i>s.</i> 0 <i>d.</i>	

POTATOES.

SPITALFIELDS.—per Ton.

Ware.....	£4	0	to	6	0
Middlings.....	2	6	—	3	0
Chats.....	2	3	—	0	0
Common Red..	4	6	—	6	0

BOROUGH.—per Ton.

Ware.....	£4	0	to	6	0
Middlings.....	2	10	—	3	0
Chats.....	2	5	—	0	0

HAY and STRAW, per Load.

Smithfield.—Hay....70s. to 100s.

Straw...36s. to 42s.

Clover.. 80s. to 116s.

Whitechapel.—Hay....70s. to 100s.

Straw...36s. to 42s.

Clover..80s. to 120s.

COUNTRY CORN MARKETS.

By the QUARTER, excepting where otherwise named; from Wednesday to Saturday last, inclusive.

The Scotch Markets are the Returns of the Week before.

	Wheat.			Barley.			Oats.			Beans			Pease.		
	s.	to s.	d.	s.	to s.	d.	s.	to s.	d.	s.	to s.	d.	s.	to s.	d.
Aylesbury	60	72	0	42	46	0	30	33	0	50	53	0	57	58	0
Banbury.....	64	72	0	48	51	0	29	34	0	50	56	0	0	0	0
Basingstoke	50	71	0	38	44	0	25	32	0	47	57	0	0	0	0
Bridport.....	60	68	0	38	40	0	26	0	0	52	0	0	0	0	0
Chelmsford.....	62	76	0	42	44	0	26	33	0	40	48	0	42	60	0
Derby.....	68	76	0	38	52	0	27	34	0	50	56	0	0	0	0
Devizes.....	60	80	0	42	48	0	20	34	0	54	58	0	0	0	0
Dorchester.....	52	70	0	34	40	0	24	30	0	46	54	0	0	0	0
Exeter.....	66	74	0	44	52	0	21	25	0	0	0	0	0	0	0
Eye.....	55	69	0	35	44	0	27	32	0	37	46	0	41	47	0
Guildford.....	56	80	0	40	45	0	27	33	0	50	54	0	50	53	0
Henley.....	68	81	0	40	49	0	26	33	0	46	53	0	48	54	0
Horncastle.....	60	64	0	40	43	0	20	25	0	48	50	0	40	45	0
Hungerford.....	56	76	0	40	45	0	26	34	0	48	61	0	0	0	0
Lewes.....	52	72	0	40	0	0	25	26	0	48	0	0	48	0	0
Newbury.....	58	81	0	37	45	0	24	33	0	48	58	0	52	0	0
Newcastle.....	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0
Northampton....	64	70	0	44	48	0	25	33	0	50	52	0	46	48	0
Nottingham	69	0	0	47	0	0	28	0	0	54	0	0	0	0	0
Reading.....	60	82	0	36	49	0	26	36	0	48	58	0	51	55	0
Stamford.....	60	73	0	40	49	0	24	28	0	46	50	0	0	0	0
Stowmarket	66	72	0	31	44	0	28	34	0	40	50	0	44	0	0
Swansea.....	68	0	0	40	0	0	24	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0
Truro.....	68	0	0	39	0	0	32	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0
Uxbridge.....	64	84	0	42	46	0	26	34	0	49	53	0	50	54	0
Warminster.....	58	74	0	37	50	0	26	32	0	52	60	0	0	0	0
Winchester.....	64	74	0	38	43	0	25	33	0	52	55	0	0	0	0
Dalkeith*	36	42	0	28	33	6	20	25	0	23	26	6	23	24	6
Haddington*	29	41	0	28	32	6	19	25	0	20	23	6	20	23	6

* Dalkeith and Haddington are given by the *bell*.—The Scotch *bell* for Wheat, Rye, Pease, and Beans, is three per cent. more than 4 bushels. The *bell* of Barley and Oats, is about 6 bushels Winchester, or as 6 to 8 compared with the English quarter.

Liverpool, Oct. 25.—The demand for Wheat and Oats continued steady throughout the week past, at fully the prices of last Tuesday. This day's market having been well attended by Millers and Dealers, both in town and from the country; the trade was more brisk than of late in Wheat and Oats, at an advance of 2d. to 3d. per bushel upon the former on the currency of this day se'nnight. Fine Boiling Pease being scarce, may be noted 3s. per quarter dearer.

Imported into Liverpool, from the 18th to 24th October, 1825, inclusive:—Wheat, 4,882; Barley, 1,680; Oats, 6,562; Malt, 666; Beans, 163; and Pease, 4 quarters. Flour, 2,175 sacks, per 280 lbs. Oatmeal, 577 packs, per 240 lbs. American Flour, 180 barrels.

Norwich, Oct. 29.—We had a very good supply of Wheat to-day. Red sold from 58s. to 65s.; White to 68s. The quantity of Barley offered for sale was large considering the Farmers are still busy in sowing Wheat, and the prices generally one or two shillings per quarter lower than last week, 40s. being the average price of the good samples, but more was given for superfine. Oats continue dear notwithstanding the quantity imported, prices, 26s. to 32s. Beans, 38s. to 45s.; Pease, 38s. to 44s.; Boilers, 56s. per quarter; and Flour, 48s. to 50s. per sack.

Bristol, Oct. 29.—Very little alteration in the prices of Corn, &c. has taken place in the Corn Markets here since last quotations. Supply tolerably good.—Wheat, from 6s. 6d. to 9s.; Barley, 3s. 3d. to 5s. 10½d.; Beans, 3s. 9d. to 7s.; Oats, 2s. 3d. to 3s. 6d.; and Malt, 6s. to 8s. 9d. per bushel. Flour, Seconds, 32s. to 54s. per bag.

Ipswich, Oct. 29.—We had to-day a very small supply of Barley, and not much of Wheat. Prices were about as last week, as follow:—Wheat, 60s. to 71s.; Barley, 38s. to 43s.; Beans, old, 42s. to 46s.; Ditto, new, 40s. to 44.; and Pease, 44s. to 46s. per quarter.

Wisbech, Oct. 29.—We had a short supply of Wheat here to-day, which, with other grain, fully maintained last quotations. Red Wheat, 58s. to 66s.; White ditto, 66s. to 68s.; Oats, 22s. to 24s.; fine, 28s.; Beans, 42s. to 44s., per quarter.

Wakefield, Oct. 28.—The arrivals of Grain are small this week. The holders of Wheat have generally demanded an advance of 1s. per quarter, but it has been difficult to obtain, except for the finest samples, which are scarce. Barley sells on much the same terms as last week; there is no quantity at market, but the Maltsters hold off purchasing to any extent, waiting the result as to whether the ports open or not. Oats and Shelling are without alteration. Beans go off steadily at former rates. No variation in other articles.

Hull, Oct. 29.—The supplies of all Grain have become so scanty, that they scarcely prove sufficient for the consumption of the town. Wheats of the very best quality brought a trifle more money, and secondary descriptions were disposed of with more freedom. Beans are held on higher terms. The same may be said of old Oats; but few new Oats appear, and the prices are nearly nominal. Barleys, on the contrary, are more plentiful, and meet dull sale; the best Barley supported last week's prices, and all other sorts may be noted 1s. per quarter cheaper. Nothing doing in Rapeseed. Flour as last week.

Manchester, Oct. 29.—We have had a good demand for both New Wheat and Oats throughout the week, the former at an advance of 3d. per bushel, and the latter at about 1d. Beans scarce, and 1s. to 2s. per qr. dearer. Malt dull, except that of fine quality; a few samples of New have appeared, which are rather lean in quality.

COUNTRY CATTLE AND MEAT MARKETS, &c.

Norwich Castle Meadow, Oct. 29.—Our supply of fat Cattle to this day's market was very good, prices from 7s. 6d. to 8s. 6d. per stone of 14lbs. Of Store Cattle we had an excellent assortment, Lean Scots sold from 4s. to 5s. 6d. per stone, when fat, and those in fine condition to 6s. 6d.; Short Horns and Devons 4s. to 5s. 3d. Cows and Calves, and forward in Calvers sell more freely. Of Sheep the supply continues in abundance, Shearlings that are backward in condition a very flat sale, prices 26s. to 36s. Fat ones to 50s.; Lambs, 21s. to 26s. 6d., and as has been the case for several weeks past, not a third of them sold. Meat—Beef, 7d. to 9d.; Veal, 8d. to 10d.; Mutton, 6d. to 8d.; Lamb, 9d.; and Pork, 7d. to 8½d. per lb.

Horncastle, Oct. 29.—Beef, 8s. per stone of 14 lbs.; Mutton, 7d.; Pork, 7d. to 7½d.; and Veal, 8d. to 9d. per lb.

Bristol, Oct. 27.—Beef, from 6d. to 7d.; Mutton, 6d. to 7d.; and Pork, 5½d. to 6½d. per lb. sinking offal.

At *Morpeth* market, on Wednesday, there was a great supply of Cattle, Sheep, and Lambs, which met with very dull sale.—Beef, from 6s. 3d. to 7s.; Mutton, 6s. 6d. to 7s. 9d.; and Lamb, 6s. 3d. to 7s. per stone, sinking offal.

AVERAGE PRICE OF CORN, sold in the Maritime Counties of England and Wales, for the Week ended October 22, 1825.

	Wheat.		Barley.		Oats.	
	s.	d.	s.	d.	s.	d.
London*.....	66	3	42	9	29	2
Essex.....	66	11	40	6	28	1
Kent.....	65	4	40	0	28	3
Sussex.....	61	10	40	6	25	6
Suffolk.....	63	9	40	7	27	6
Cambridgeshire.....	61	1	42	10	24	9
Norfolk.....	62	6	40	4	27	3
Lincolnshire.....	64	5	43	8	22	4
Yorkshire.....	62	8	42	10	23	3
Durham.....	64	1	43	3	23	1
Northumberland.....	60	11	39	1	26	11
Cumberland.....	60	6	37	6	24	0
Westmoreland.....	63	4	39	0	25	0
Lancashire.....	64	3	0	0	24	9
Cheshire.....	64	5	52	7	0	0
Gloucestershire.....	71	0	48	4	30	7
Somersetshire.....	69	0	44	4	24	9
Monmouthshire.....	68	4	48	0	0	0
Devonshire.....	65	1	39	6	27	1
Cornwall.....	64	0	38	7	30	6
Dorsetshire.....	65	3	40	5	25	0
Hampshire.....	64	6	41	0	24	7
North Wales.....	63	7	39	4	19	10
South Wales.....	61	4	36	4	21	3

* The London Average is always that of the Week preceding.